

# WHEN BOERS PLAYED MARBLES.

Political Prisoners Amused Themselves Like Schoolboys.

How the grave old Boer leaders played marbles like schoolboys is told in Carl Jeppe's new book on the Transvaal. The old gentlemen were in prison for political reasons at the time. Mr. Jeppe says: "The reformers congregated all day long in the large central square of the prison, which presented a most animated scene. In every direction you could see men receiving their relations, friends or solicitors. Between these eager knots the others walked, or lounged on rugs and blankets, reading, writing or killing time with cards and chess. The favorite game, however, was that of marbles."

"It was a strange sight to see middle-aged men, whose daily occupation had been a game in which the wagers consisted of many thousands of pounds, eagerly contending for the possession of a few round stones of the value of a shilling or so to the dozen."

"And it was remarkable, too, as an illustration of the fallacy of the popular impression that the acquisition of wealth is 'all luck,' that it was the big capitalists who held all the marbles when the doors of their prison opened."

## SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.



The Caddie—Tut, tut, tut, wot lan- guidge! Try your lye-glass in the other eye, sir.

## A CHILD'S ADVICE.

Little Howard, whose age is five years, has an older brother who has recently been admitted to membership in the boy choir of a fashionable Episcopal church. One day Howard heard his mother taking his father to task because he had never gone to hear his older son sing. Howard had frequently been taken to services by his mother or his grandmother, and he seemed to be rather proud of the fact that among the surplused boys who marched in at the beginning of the ceremonies and out at the close was Palmer, his "big brother."

One Sunday morning Howard's father, somewhat conscience stricken, mayhap, said, after getting up from the breakfast table: "Well, I think I'll go to church to-day and hear Palmer sing."

Howard looked up at him very gravely and said: "I would advise you to go in the afternoon. They don't let the preacher have so much to do, and it's shorter then."—Judge.

## A GREAT SAVING.

Here is an amusing tale from Germany about a man who thought he was a very clever financier, and yet does not seem to have had quite as much sense as a boy who knows enough to go in when it rains:

A barge was being towed up the Neckar from Mannheim to Heidelberg, and a shoemaker on the tramp, with a large knapsack on his back, came up and asked the bargeman how much he would charge him for a ride on the boat. The bargeman, who was a bit of a wag, replied: "Fifteen kreuzers; but if you help pull, only six." The shoemaker thought the matter over for a minute or two, and, calculating that he would save nine kreuzers by helping to pull, threw his bag into the boat and cheerfully tugged at the rope all the way to Heidelberg, when he forked out the six kreuzers and shouldered his knapsack again.

## A MOTTO THAT WORKED.

Stockton—One day last week old Gotrox bought a lot of those "Do-It-Now" signs and hung 'em around the office.

Bond—How did the staff take it? Stockton—Almost unanimously. The cashier skipped with \$30,000, the head bookkeeper eloped with the private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase of salary and the office boy lit out to become a highwayman and got as far west as Pittsburg before he was caught and disarmed.—Judge.

# WERE HAZY ON GEOGRAPHY.

Australians Had Queer Ideas as to How to Reach Africa.

It is a foregone conclusion to the American schoolboy that the man who tries to walk anywhere from Australia is doomed to a wetting; but to some Australians, whom the author of "In Search of El Dorado" met, the obvious was not so apparent.

"Say, boss," said one of them, suddenly, "how far is it to the war?"

"South Africa is about 7,000 miles from here. Are you thinking of going?"

"Well, some of the boys was talking that way, but none of us knew the country, or whether the track was to sunrise or sundown."

"Africa is west from here."

"Is there enough water for horses on the trail?"

"Man! You cross the ocean."

"Well, I reckon old Joyhorse, here, can cross anything; but it beats me to know how a feller can carry tucker for all that distance. I suppose there is plenty of stations on the road, though?"

The traveler who was supplying the information sought for an explanation which would convey meaning, and found it not; but a sudden sandstorm turned their thoughts from the subject.—Youth's Companion.

## WHAT SHE FEARS.



"A woman is always afraid to tell her age."

"She isn't so much afraid to tell it as she is that some other woman will tell it first."

## BIG FISH OF THE GULF.

Two black groupers, or warsaw, which had been jerked from the waters of the Gulf of Mexico the other day were brought to the city on board the Pilot, says the Pensacola Journal. The fish were monsters, two of them tipping the beam at 372 pounds, while another which had been caught at the same time ran the total fish flesh on board the vessel for the time being up to the 500-pound mark.

The two big specimens which the zoologist would refer to as being the species of *Epinephelus nigritus*, but which are more commonly and more familiarly known to the average Floridian as the jewfish, were hung in front of a business house all the early part of the morning, and hundreds of people stopped and looked them over.

## NEW VIEW OF NERO.

During a recitation in history in a Baltimore public school, the teacher once put the question:

"Who was Nero?"

"I don't know exactly, ma'am," said the pupil addressed, a girl of ten. "But I think he's the one they sings about in Sunday school."

"In Sunday school?" repeated the teacher, unable to recall any religious music having Nero as its theme. "What do you mean?"

"Don't you know the hymn, ma'am?" asked the girl, surprised. It's "Nero, My God, to Thee."

## COLD CANNOT HURT WATCHES.

"When a man's watch goes wrong in winter he is apt to think it is because the cold has affected it," said a jeweler.

"It used to be so because the cold contracted the metal of the delicate balance wheel. But now this wheel is made partly of brass and partly of steel, like the compensation pendulum in a clock. These metals have opposite expansibilities and the result is that the balance wheel is always of the same size and runs with the same speed in all kinds of weather and the cold does not affect it."

## TO BE AVOIDED.

"An actor should lose himself in his part, shouldn't he?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "But it shouldn't be carried too far. Many of us lose ourselves in our parts so completely that the public can't see us at all."

# SILK SUPPLY OF SPIDERS.

Three Colors of the Fine Fabric Secreted by the Insect.

The spider is able to secrete at least three colors of silk stuff—the white, which forms the web and the ensnathment of captives and the egg cocoon; the brown mass that fills the cocoon interior and the fleshy yellow between that and the inside of the sac, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. The glands end in minute ducts which empty into spinning spools regularly arranged along the sides and upon the tops of the six spinnerets or "spinning mammals" or "spinning fingers," which are placed just beneath the apex of the abdomen. The spinnerets are movable and can be flung wide apart or pushed closely together and the spinning spools can be managed in the same way.

The silk glands are enfolded in muscular tissue, pressure upon which at the will of the spider forces the liquid silk through the duct into the spool, whence it issues as a minute filament, since it hardens upon contact with the air. One thread as seen in a web may be made up of a number of the filaments and is formed by putting the tips of the spools together as the liquid jets are forced out of the ducts.

When the spinnerets are joined and a number of the spools are emptied at once their contents merge and the sheets or ribbons are formed which one sees in the ensnathment of a captive or the making of Argiope's central shield. This delicate machinery the owner operates with utmost skill, bringing into play now one part and now another and again the whole with unflinching deftness and a mastery complete.

## BELIEF IN FAIRIES.

A young lady recently consulted me, as a specialist, on the problem of the existence of bad fairies, writes Andrew Lang, in the Chicago American. As she had only seen four summers, I replied that only good fairies have a place in the scheme of things which we call nature.

The existence of fairies is occasionally called in question by the little girls of a skeptical age. Little boys appear to be unconcerned with the subject; their thoughts are entirely occupied by machinery, motors, telephones and steam engines, and if they chance to be timid their imagination can create no nocturnal terror more interesting than the figure of the common burglar. To reassure them, I am accustomed to say that there are no such things as burglars, adding the acceptable argument that I never saw a burglar, and never knew any person who did see one. This argument usually reassures the infant rationalist; though, speaking as a logician, I do not think so highly of it as some philosophers.

## IN THE FAMILY.



He—Ain't you a little afraid to trust ourselves on this treacherous ice? She—Not a bit; I guess I take after father in that respect. He belongs to the ice trust, you know.

## MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

"When I see a man and woman enter my office together I can tell at once which one is to be the patient by the way they act," said a dentist a few days ago. "If the man is to have a tooth pulled or filled, he slips up and looks all around as if he had the ague and says in a soft voice: 'I think one of my teeth needs a little of your attention.'"

"If the woman is the one who has been suffering, the man walks bravely up and says: 'My wife wants a tooth pulled.'"

## BUSINESS ON A SAFE BASIS.

Customer—How much for that suit of clothes if I pay cash? Tailor—Forty dollars.

Customer—How much on credit? Tailor—Eighty dollars, half of it down.

# WHEN THE FISH BITE BEST.

It is in the Latter Part of May and in June.

Fish bite best in the latter part of May and in June, according to a writer in the Outer's Book. This is due to their mode of protecting their spawning beds. In midsummer they retire to deeper water during which time fishing is very bad. After the first few cool nights of late summer they may be found again among the weeds or on the shallows. Incidentally, it may be said that any law which permits of fishing before July 1 is little protection to the bass in North lake.

There is little to be said in favor of any particular part of the day. It was never found that the early morning or later afternoon hours were better than midday.

Easterly winds are best. The northeasterly for pickerel and southeasterly for bass. While still weather and southwesterly winds are least favorable.

Times of low barometer, and, we may conclude, of unsettled weather, are much better for fishing than periods of high barometer. Cloudy weather favors pickerel, while clear weather is better for bass. Both kinds considered, there is no choice.

From this it would follow that a good day for fishing would be one with an east wind, low barometer, clouds for pickerel and clear if you want bass. Go out late in May or in early June if you want fish and in early September if you are a sportsman, and then start fishing after you have had a good breakfast and read the morning paper, if there is one to be had, and come in at a reasonable time in the evening. Whether these conditions would repeatedly give us good fishing is the question. The figures shown in my tables could have been obtained only from the fact that good fishing did repeatedly occur under just such conditions and with the opening of another season it would be well to make notes on just this point.

## WHAT DID IT MEAN?

A young man who had become much interested in spiritualism was called to the deathbed of a very dear relative.

On the night after her death, when all but the watchers had retired, he began to wonder if the dead one would return.

Just at that minute there were several quick, muffled thumps under the table at which he was writing. He started, paled, and sat rigid. In ten seconds a world of thoughts whirled over him. Then the thumpings were repeated, longer and louder. For a moment—which seemed an age—he was beside himself, expecting to see or hear he knew not what. But nothing further happened.

After a full minute of suspense he gathered all his courage and, bending down, looked under the table. There, on another chair, he discovered the family cat, still scratching her head, but no longer striking the table with her foot.—Harper's Weekly.

## NEW MOTHER-IN-LAW JOKE.



Wife—Let's move farther up town dear. Hubby—Yes; and let's move mother up with him.

## STEAM REPLACED ALREADY.

"I suppose electricity will eventually take the place of steam," remarked the mechanical chap.

The man who lived in the apartment house shivered. "Something has already taken the place of steam in my radiators," he remarked. "I'm afraid to ask the janitor what it is."

## BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Mrs. Gasser—I was outspoken in my sentiment at the club this afternoon.

Mr. Gasser—I can't believe it! Who outspoken you, my dear?—Puck.

# SEEK TO RESTORE SHAFT.

Boonsboro (Md.) Citizens Want to Rebuild Monument to Washington.

A society for the restoration and preservation of the first monument to George Washington has been organized at Boonsboro, Md.

The site of the old monument, which is now in ruins a second time, is on a prominent knob on South mountain, a short distance from Boonsboro. There remains little more than an irregular line of masonry, with just enough of order to suggest the ruins of a structure of some size. Persons interested in the organization of the society having for its aim the restoration of the monument feel that the date of its building as well as the manner in which it was erected, its proportions and its position, overlooking so prominently the then great national highway, entitle it to more than a local consideration.

This monument has the distinction of being the first shaft, it is said, erected to the memory of George Washington. It was built by the citizens of Boonsboro in 1827. In course of years it fell prey to the elements, but as late as 1876 the marble slab bearing the inscription could be seen from the town of Boonsboro.

In 1882 a movement was inaugurated by the lodge of Odd Fellows of Boonsboro to rebuild the monument. Funds necessary were raised by subscription and public effort and the monument was restored to a height of 30 feet, with interior stairway leading to the top. The rededication took place on August 18, 1882, with elaborate ceremonies. Ten years after its rebuilding a rent appeared in the stonework and in course of a few years the monument had fallen to its former ruin.

## "ALL RIGHT."



Farmer—I thought you said this dog was all right for the rats. Why, he won't look at them.

Dealer—Well, that's all right for the rats, ain't it?

## TOO BAD.

There is a sweet girl in Washington with a most saintly patience, but even she could not resist the temptation recently to let fly a little arrow.

He was about 19, but weary, oh, very weary! He had made a call of perhaps two hours, and she also was beginning to feel some slight fatigue.

"I never get over a thing, you know," he said, sadly. "I really never expect to care for a woman again. I made a fool of myself over one once."

"And you never get over anything? Too bad!" she said, sympathetically, and he smoked a whole box of cigarettes thinking it over afterward.

## CURED OF READING FICTION.

A teacher in one of the Kansas City schools had considerable trouble with a negro boy who insisted on reading cheap fiction. After complaining to his mother several times, the teacher sent him home with orders not to return to school.

"Don't you come back until you've made up your mind to stop reading fiction," she told him.

Next day he appeared before the teacher walking very lame and holding one hand on his back.

"If you done let me come once miss, Ah promise never to read non of dem affliction stories no more," he said.

## HE KNEW.

The pretty teacher was trying to explain the difference between good conduct and bad, says the Youth's Companion. "Good actions," she explained, "are the lovely flowers. Bad ones are the weeds. Now can any little boy or girl tell me the difference between flowers and weeds? What are flowers? What are weeds?"

"Weeds," said Walter, who had been struggling with the sorrel in his mother's garden, "are the plants that want to grow, and flowers are the ones that don't."

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